Advent of Silk Stockings

HENRY II of France, at the marriage of his sister, in 1559, was the first to wear knitted silk stockings. A hundred years later a factory for stockings was founded, the first in France. It was successful.

Magazine Page

A Swift Monkey

THE species of monkey known as the Potos, is very swift. Built somewhat on the lines of a greyhound, it can gallop at a speed of between thirteen and fifteen miles an hour, and outdistance a good pony.

The Stranger — A Thrilling Drama of Complex Situations — By John Goodwin

Justice Grapples With Infamy, Portraying Master Rascality, and Love of Fair Women and Brave Men

CHAPTER I.

The Late Lamented.

"GENTLEMEN," said Mr. Callaghan, "I will declare a dividend."

He opened a morocco case and laid a neat pile of bank notes on the lacquer table beside him. Mr. Callaghan's air was that of a company promoter presenting an unsatisfactory balance sheet. Polishing his spectacles gently with a silk handkerchief, he replaced them, and lifting a number of notes from the pile, laid them on one side.

"Vaille, dark and languid, admirably dressed, folded the notes with slender fingers and placed them in his pocketbook. There was a faintly contemptuous expression in his eyes, but he made no comment.

"Drummond, 250 pounds."

Henry Drummond, smart, fair-haired and debonair, too his share with a smile.

"Thank you, chief!" he said genially.

"Slaney, 300 pounds."

Slaney, though his share was the largest, showed obvious discontent. His face was sharp and peaked, his speech and appearance vulgar. His small, pale eyes were remarkably intelligent and suspicious. He had watched grudingly the distribution of money to his companions. He scarcely looked at his notes as he fastened them into his wallet.

"It's little enough for the work I did and the risk I took," he said sullenly.

Not a Man Moved.

The delightful benevolence in Mr. Callaghan's face suddenly vanished as if it had been wiped out with a sponge. His eyes became like points of hard crystal that bored into Slaney's and made the man shrink back as if he had been struck. There was absolute silence for several moments. The air seemed tense and electric, not a man moved.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Slaney," said Callaghan slowly. "Have you any comments to make?"

"No, chief," said Slaney, huskily; "none."

The amiable expression returned to Callaghan's eyes, and he smiled slightly. But for a moment it was as though a mask had been lifted to show his soul, and with it such a power as none of the other men in the room dared face.

"Bell, 150 pounds."

Mr. Bell, in black clothes of a clerical cut took the notes reverently in his plump, white hands. He had the air of murmuring a blessing as he placed the money softly in his breast pocket.

"And that," said Mr. Callaghan, filling himself a glass decanter at his side, "is absolutely all." He lay back, and put the tips of his fingers together. "A more grossly unsatisfactory affair, my friends, I have never put before you.

"That money which—with certain deductions—I have divided among you, was realized by the sale in Amsterdam of the Wertstein diamond chaplet. It is as much as we could expect. The greater prize for which we laid our plans, Lady Wertstein's rubies—worth twenty and thirty times this trivial sum—that prize we failed to acquire. It is now forever beyond our reach. We have all of us, my friends, run the gravest risk of our careers, a risk now, happily, put an end to. And we have lost one of our most active partners."

"It is all over, I suppose, chief?" asked Drummond.

All Over.

"All over," said Callaghan, drawing an evening paper from his pocket. "You have not seen this? I will read you the account."

Mr. Callaghan adjusted the silver-rimmed spectacles on his nose, stretched himself luxuriously in the easy chair, folded back the paper and read aloud in a pleasant, scholarly voice, enunciating his words clearly. His companions listened in dead silence to the ominous news that was delivered to them.

"Robert Mardyke, sentenced at MARDYKE EXECUTED—GOES

"I drink to one who was greater than us all—Jim Carey! Slim Jim Carey—master of his trade—wanted by the police of three continents," said Drummond.

SILENTLY TO THE SCAFFOLD.

the New Bailey last month for the Park Crescent murder and safe robbery (in which Sir Isidor Wertstein was shot dead in his own house), was executed at 10 o'clock this morning in Blexton prison.

"The condemned man went to his death calmly. On being taken to the execution yard, he listened courteously to the exhortation of the chaplain. He declined to make any statement, and merely requested that he might be neither pinioned nor blindfolded. He walked on the drop-platform with a firm step: the noose was quickly adjusted, and the bolts drawn.

"The prison doctor subsequently reported that death had been instantaneous."

Vaille's slim fingers wandered involuntarily to his neck and caressed it softly. He shuddered.

"How very crude!", he murmured.

"On your feet, gentlemen," he said quietly. "Let us drink to the memory of our departed brother and his admirable gift of silence, now, alas, eternal! Robert Mardyke!"

The assembly rose like one man. Four raised their glasses gravely and emptied them. Mr. Callaghan took no more than a sip from his, and, turning deliberately, faced a portrait that hung over the old oak mantelpiece.

Drink to Dead.

"Since we are drinking to the dead," he said, in a louder voice, "I drink to one who was greater than us all—Jim Carey! Ah, if he had been alive to undertake that job, there would have been no failure! He was the king of our profession—a giant among pigmies! Even I, high though I stand among you, am proud to have been his comrade and disciple. Slim Jim Carey—master of his trade—wanted by the police of three continents. And none of them could run him to earth or guess his true identity. Dead, ten months ago, in an obscure French village—and no monuments to his fame, save his memory here in our hearts. I drink to the mighty dead!"

He drained his glass, and sank despondently into the armchair.

"We shall never look upon his like again," he said mournfully.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Gripping Story of Mystery, Lure and Intrigue.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

ACQUIRING GOOD LINES FOR THE NECK

By Lucrezia Bori

A STRONG and lovely neck seems to be more and more the definite beauty objective toward which many women are working.

There are perhaps other parts of her body about which the average woman thinks first. The face, of course, is of primary importance. And the woman who guards her beauty carefully thinks of her figure and watches it as studiously as she watches for any marring blackhead or pimple upon her rose-like complexion.

Then, too, every thinking woman is very, very careful about the appearance of her hands. From time immemorial hands have been considered an important factor in summing up one's character, and they are obviously of the utmost importance in their bearing on a woman's beauty.

We hear of the famous Mme. de Stael, who used to toy with rose petals while she talked, that she might call attention to the beauty of her hands, which were her best feature.

True, we do not hear so much of the beautifying of the neck, but still we know that those women of olden times could not have been unmindful of the power of a beautiful, strong, white throat. They were far too well versed in the lore of charm for that! Perhaps their throats kept strong and lovely without extra care.

We know that in the costumes they wore their necks showed as much or more than do those of the women today. Mme. de Stael's Empire gowns were low-cut at the throat, a style more becoming than the straight-across neckline of today. This modish neckline, which seems to have come to stay, is modest and conservative in cut, and certainly is more becoming than the tight choker collars of a few years ago.

It is true that the modern woman's neck is exposed little below the collar bone, but the modern woman strives for perfection, and she wants her neck to be as strong and beautiful as possible.

If you are with her in this respect, here is an exercise which will help you attain your ideal:

It is better to stand erect, as the proper position does much to help you put force into the exercise and gain more from it. Be sure that your shoulders are straight and your chest well out.

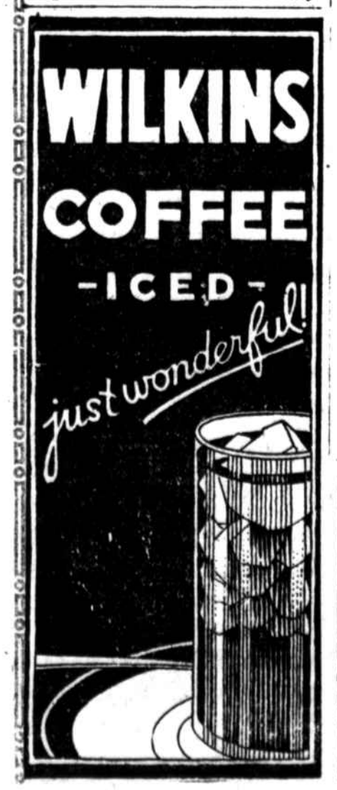
Now, bow your head, drawing your chin well in to your body. Clasp your hands, palms down, at the back of your neck.

Pull your head slowly back until you are looking up, at the same time pressing down with your hands on the back of your neck.

Lower your head and repeat.

Do this exercise ten or fifteen times before going to bed at night. It should fill out the hollows of your neck and give it that strong, well-moulded appearance which makes for beauty.

The next article in this series will appear here on Wednesday.



Rhyming Optimist

The Phonograph.

I used to go applauding my friends, the human race; their figures I kept lauding, I liked each fellow's face, I liked black Mammy Dianah, I liked the boy from Yap, I liked the Chinks in China, I liked the fur-clad Lapp. I went about quite happy; I wasn't hard to please; I liked the high-brow chappie and men who lived in trees. Time was when I was pleasant to every man on earth, I hailed the prince or peasant as one of sterling worth. But then there came a neighbor who ran a phonograph, when resting from his labor he'd hold his sides and laugh. He'd play "The Bees That Bumble," he'd play "The Coonskin Blues;" no need for me to grumble on his artistic views. He'd play at lunch and dinner and forty times between, of me it made a sinner, that phonograph machine. My heart and nerves were failing, I longed for boot-leg drink, all night that jazz-time wailing put slumber on the blink. Yes, in wee sma' hours I'd hear its wild refrains; its songs of jungle flowers, its tunes of jaunty Janes. That's why I'm glum and sour, who once was kind and sweet; that's why I glare and glower at half the folks I meet. With judgment now grown mellow I claim the bleating calf is dearer than the fellow who runs a phonograph. For forty years hand-running I loved all human kind; but now I'm going gunning, for I have changed my mind.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Ignore Him.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

About six months ago I met a very nice young man, twenty-three years of age. Since then we have been going together quite a bit. About a month ago he told me he loved me more than anyone else in the world, and I do love him greatly. Now this is my question, Miss Fairfax: One night about two weeks ago he made an engagement with me. I waited home all evening, but still he did not come. He neither called nor even made any excuse as to why he did not come. Since them I have seen him on the street several times, but he always tries to avoid me. Now, won't you please advise me just how to act toward him. W. S. T.

IGNORE him until he apologizes for his unseemly conduct.

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN

ANNULAR ECLIPSES MORE NUMEROUS

By Garrett P. Serviss

Noted Astronomer and Writer on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

A CORRESPONDENT in West Orange asks two interesting questions, which are presented, with answers, below:

"In a total eclipse of the sun the moon seems to cover the entire face of the sun, as viewed from the earth. The cone-shaped shadow reaching the earth is much diminished in size, but the point of the cone would pass a considerable distance beyond the earth did not the earth interpose. Suppose the earth were placed beyond this point so the shadow could not reach the earth, would this eclipse be apparent to us, only covering less surface of the sun?"

Yes, and such eclipses not only actually occur, but they are more numerous than the total ones. They are called "annular eclipses," because the uncovered part of the sun looks like a ring of light surrounding the black lunar globe. Annular eclipses are more numerous than total ones for the reason that the average length of the moon's shadow is slightly less than the average distance between the moon and the earth. If both were not variable we should never see any total eclipses of the sun—all would be annular, or only partial. The average length of the moon's shadow when it is between the earth and the sun is 232,150 miles, while the average distance between the moon and the earth's surface is 234,800 miles.

In the most favorable circumstances the moon may be within about 217,600 miles of the earth's surface at a time when its shadow is 236,000 miles long. In such a case its point would extend 18,400 miles beyond the nearest surface of the earth, and the shadow cone would be about 168 miles in diameter where it touched the earth at right angles. On the other hand, the point of the moon's shadow may fall over 20,000 miles short of the earth's surface. Annular eclipses possess less interest than total ones because, on account of the glare of the ring of sunlight surrounding the moon, the comparatively faint phenomena of the solar corona are invisible. The changing, though characteristic, features of the corona form an index to the physical condition and activity of the sun.

If you stood on the North Pole any time between the 21st of March and the 22d of September (the equinoxes), you would see the sun circling around the sky once every twenty-four hours from left to right, i. e., in the direction which we call from east to west. If your watch had a twenty-four hour dial, and was geared so that the hour hand made a revolution in twenty-four hours instead of twelve, it would keep step with the sun, and if you fixed it in position horizontally, its hour hand would always point to the sun. This would enable you, by means of the circle of figures on the dial, to tell when the sun had completed a circle around the sky; in other words, when twenty-four hours had elapsed. Of course an ordinary watch would also tell you the progress of the hours. But without the aid of your watch, or some fixed artificial or natural mark on the ground, you would not be able to tell, without elaborate observations and calculations, when the sun had completed a circle, or to measure time at all.

A curious fact is, that if you drew a horizontal line across the pole in any direction whatever, it would be a meridian line, i. e., a north-and-south line. Moreover, both ends of it would point toward the south, though extending in exactly opposite directions.

If on approaching the pole you kept the direction of a certain meridian, say that of 90 degrees, which runs through the center of the United States, then on reaching the pole you could mark that direction on the ground (supposing you had solid, unmovable ground under you), and when the sun was over the mark you would know that it was noon in the middle of the United States.

Starting with such a basis, you could sketch out a large dial around the pole, which would serve to distinguish the meridians of different known places on the earth, and so you would know when you were facing toward those places. If you did not contrive some way of distinguishing the meridians, you would be more completely lost as to direction when standing on the North Pole in perpetual daylight, than in the deepest woods on the darkest night. You would have only one direction to choose, and yet that might carry you to the opposite side of the globe from where you wanted to go!

From the spring equinox to the summer solstice, the sun slowly rises higher in the polar sky, and from the solstice to the autumn equinox, it correspondingly sinks back again. Owing to atmospheric refraction, it comes up above the southern horizon some days before the spring equinox and sinks below it some days after the autumn months, thus lengthening the polar day considerably beyond six months. From the autumn equinox around to the spring equinox, perpetual night prevails at the pole (except a shortened by refraction and very long twilight) and if you were at the pole during its long night, you would have the stars, instead of the sun, circling horizontally round the sky, and the problem of time-keeping and meridian-finding would be interestingly varied.

Skirts for Sports

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THIS vogue for sweaters has created the demand for the separate skirt, and perhaps this season more than ever we find all sorts of materials made up into sports skirts. The models are so simple to make that almost anyone could make a skirt at home in a short time.

The figured baronet satins are really exquisite this season, and are offered forty inches wide. Only a yard and a half is necessary, if one uses the width of the material for the length of the skirt.

A wrap-around model is, perhaps, the simplest of all to attempt, and looks so smart when finished. Turn a deep hem and baste it. Next turn about an inch hem at the top, and this is to run an elastic through later. Now turn about an inch and a half fold at the side, and wrap this over the other end. Stitch the skirt and run an elastic through the top hem. Fasten the elastic on either side of the fold and finish with three buttons near the bottom.

This skirt may also be made in white flannel, tweed, eponge, ratine, either plain or striped or blocked.

Instead of a hem at the bottom you may fringe it several inches deep, and this gives a smart effect.

Accordion pleated or knife pleated skirts are lovely made up in crepe. The hem should be stitched and the pleating done at any shop. A skirt band all make an excellent sports skirt to attached. will be a convenience.

The two-piece skirt still retains favor perhaps because it fits so well and eliminates all bulk around the hips. A few gathers are used at the back, but the front is perfectly smooth. Slit pockets finished with embroidered arrows are smart. The tailor will put these in for you if you do not feel competent to attempt them yourself.

Cream colored basket cloth will make an excellent sport skirt to accompany your sweater, and may be easily fringed. In a wrap-around model, instead of the fold, the material may be fringed.

White organdie skirts with hip-depth hems are interesting with black sweaters, and are rather full. The hem may be hemstitched to place if preferred.

The Parachute

A MODERN parachute has a surface of 970 to 1,425 square feet. The resistance of the air caused by the weight of a person suddenly dropping is sufficient to cause the parachute to open. They may also be opened by mechanical means. Parachutes are usually made of linen or silk gores, so cut that when sewed together they form a portion of a hemisphere.

ABOUT GREAT MEN

EASY TO GIVE CHILDREN AN IDEA

By W. A. McKeever

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

H. G. WELLS, the historian-philosopher, drew the attention of the masses by his characterization of the six greatest historical characters. These were the names:

Jesus	Buddha
Aristotle	Bacon
Asoka	Lincoln

It will be easy to give children an idea of the significance of these great lives. Parents should not miss the opportunity to do so, in case they have children, of the "history age."

Jesus gave, or made clear, to the world the idea of the common Fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man.

Buddha (623-543 B. C.) taught most ably the idea of unselfishness and of giving up world desires as the highest form of happiness.

Aristotle (384-347 B. C.) taught us how to study the mind and how to think. He was the founder of psychology and of several of the other sciences, and he gave us the idea of complete living as the highest aim. He is the founder of logic, also.

Bacon (1214-1272) drew the attention of the thinkers of the world from the use of mere words to the study of nature. He succeeded in opening the way for the right use of the sciences which Aristotle had invented. He taught us how to get knowledge by what is called research.

Asoka (300 B. C.) was a great monarch of India who conquered a vast domain with the sword. Later, however, he changed his ideas of life completely and he ordered all his people to forget war and turn diligently to the arts of peace.

Lincoln (1809-1865) is of course a familiar character to all school children. Mr. Wells marks this martyred President as embodying all that is greatest in America, and especially the idea that the humblest citizen may rise to the highest place of honor.

However, there is really only one central idea that needs to be "driven home" as we present these life sketches to our children; namely, that every one of the six has lived in history because of his unselfishness. He had something to give rather than something to take.

We cannot inspire our children to try to become one of the greatest characters in historical record, but we can cause them to become inspired by the significance of these powerful personalities.

We can teach them to become happy and loyal yoke fellows with the great common masses, and yet by their own personal conduct to inspire those around them to strive for the higher and nobler types of achievements.

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